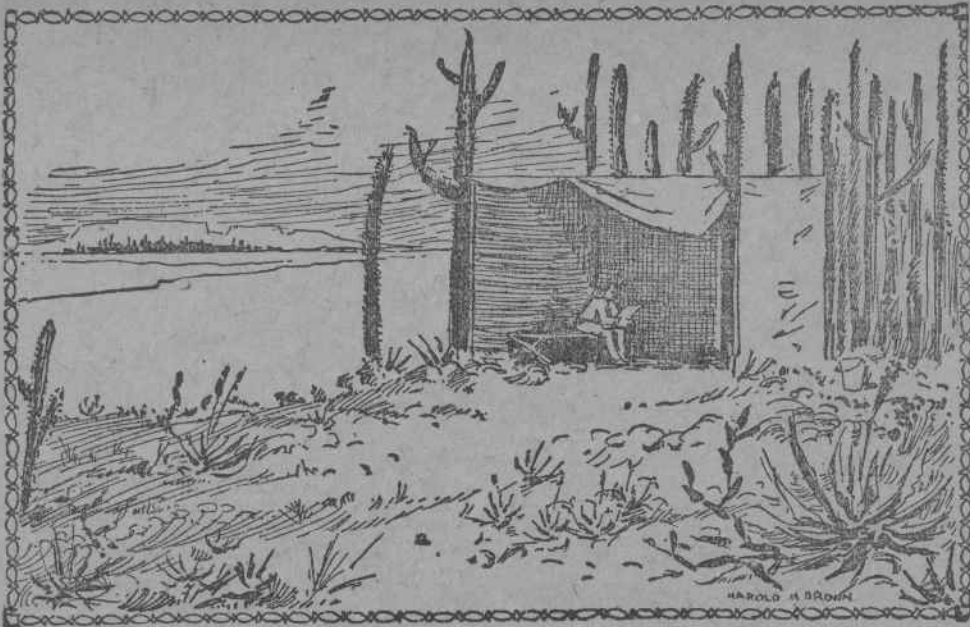


## Mr. Haven's Cactus Home in the Desert.



## A Russian Breaks the Bank at Monte Carlo.

THE accounts of the Monte Carlo Casino Company for the year ending March 31 have just been made public, and show that the receipts have fallen off considerably more than a million francs. This decrease is attributed to the extraordinary luck which attended two or three plungers who went to Monte Carlo in the early part of the season and won large sums. Their aggregate winnings, indeed, represent almost exactly the amount of the decrease, and for once there is no truth in the axiom of old Pere Blanc, the founder: "Rouge perd et noir perd, mais c'est toujours Blanc qui gagne." (Red loses and black loses, but it is always white that wins.)

The one player who "broke the bank," instead of "breaking" himself, was Dr. Grosdanovitch, a Russian army surgeon, who arrived in the early part of last Autumn. He had a good sized sum of money to begin with, and started in by staking the maximum on every turn of the wheel. Luck was with him from the start. Croupier after croupier changed places at the Russian's table, but still his pile of bank notes and gold grew. At last, amid such a scene as even that great gambler hell itself sees but once in a decade, came the announcement of the breaking of the bank. Grosdanovitch had sat with unmoved face, a half-burned cigarette between his lips, during the brief half hour that sufficed him to win this fortune. When he rose from the table, stuffing the notes and gold into every pocket of his clothes, attendants surrounded and conducted him to another room whence he might make his way by a secret passage out of the building, for thieves of every sort swarm at Monte Carlo's Casino. At this point the Russian's nerves gave way, and he burst into a fit of hysterics. Two other large winners were Frank Gardner, of London, who took away \$65,000, and a Mr. Lewis, who pocketed \$30,000. Grosdanovitch sent his money to Russia and is said to have invested it there in a large estate.

## A 75 Cent House Perpetual Motion Patented.

SOME people who build houses to live in try to see how much money they can spend on them. Others try to see how cheaply they can make a dwelling.

Frank Haven, a young man from Boston, thinks he has the cheapest house in America, and so far nobody has shown anything in the shape of a residence which has cost less than his.

In the first place, Mr. Haven didn't buy an expensive lot to build on. He constructed his house on the borders of the Colorado desert. He went to California for his health and for a time lived in a cottage, but finally decided that the more of that sunbaked air he could get the better it would be for him. He tried living in a tent, but it was blown away in a sand storm.

Then he went out on the desert, in the neighborhood of Indio, and found a clump of gigantic cacti. These made the walls for his dwelling. For a roof he bought 75 cents' worth of sheet metal. His only other implements or materials were an axe to chop down the cactus pillars that were in the way, and a ball of strong cord and some tacks to lash and fasten the roof to its supports.

There he eats, sleeps, reads, writes, thinks and gains health. There have been several fierce sand storms, which robbed him of his tent, but none of them has harmed the cactus house or caused him any discomfort.

The sole cause of annoyance to him has been the presence of wild animals, which for the first week or two of his residence in that strange abode howled vigorously about his door.

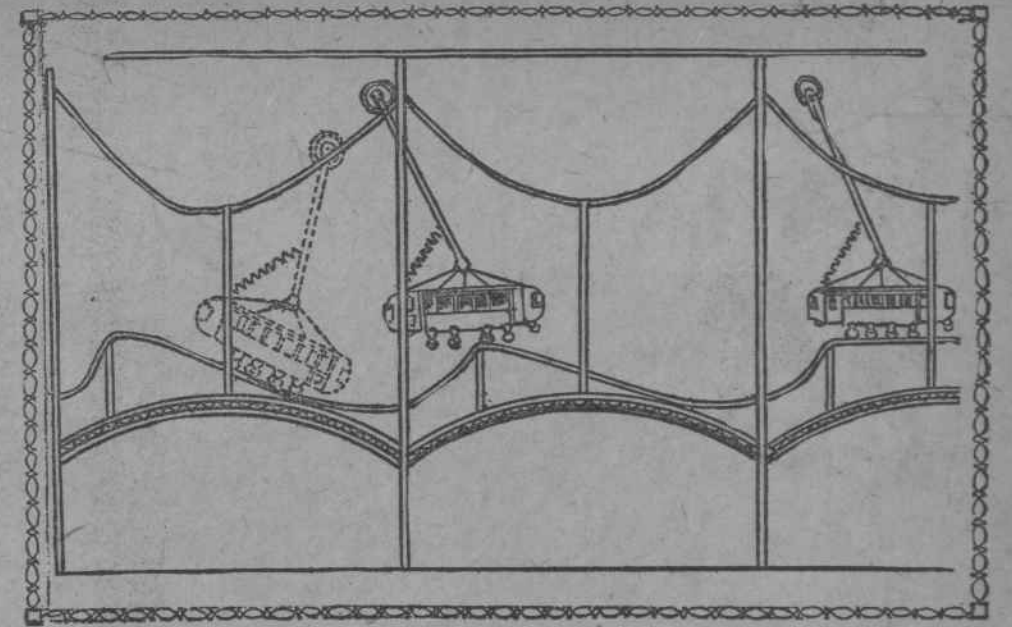
"PERPETUAL motion contrivances barred." This rule has been rigidly maintained at the United States Patent Office always. Whenever a crank applies for exclusive rights in a machine of this character he is gently requested to furnish a working model; otherwise his request cannot be entertained. Of course, that settles it.

Nevertheless, by a surprising inadvertence, a device for perpetual motion did get through the Patent Office recently. The examiners did not quite realize the purpose of the idea. They thought it was a sort of Summer resort contrivance, designed to amuse excursionists. In reality, however, it is a perpetual motion railway, intended to carry passengers and freight. The perpetual motion is concealed under the term "automatic," as set forth in the patent.

The car runs along until it reaches a jumping-off place, as shown in the accompanying picture. Then it is caught by a trolley overhead and is suspended in the air while the trolley runs down an inclined plane. The impetus thus given is sufficient to restore the car to its original level, where it resumes the track, only to pass off again into the air. In forsaking the track it resumes the suspensory trolley again, and thus it continues, alternately running on the track and swinging from overhead, indefinitely.

Nothing could be more simple. It will unquestionably work when the great problem of lifting one's self by one's bootstraps has been solved.

## The Latest Scheme for Perpetual Motion.



## The Modern Burglar's Scientific Tools.

THE successful burglar is a scientist and inventor and user of inventions. Recently a new era in safe-breaking and other branches of the cracksman's art has opened, and the famous Jimmy, so long rampant on the successful burglar's coat of arms, is to go into oblivion to be superseded by more convenient labor saving tools. In Marseilles the other day modern burglarizing established a new record for itself. A gang of ingenious cracksmen entered a banker's office armed with a steel saw of the newest construction and a handy little petroleum gas engine. There was no need for the exercise of muscle, nor was there any necessity for a good strong wrist at the saw, as there used to be in the annals of famous robberies. The little engine was "fired up," the saw put in the proper place, and the connections made. Seating themselves serenely on a couple of chairs near at hand these modern burglars watched the true and rapid work of their appliance.

The big safe might have resisted for hours the force of human hands. The saw, impelled by steam, it could not stand against. The stout iron vaults promptly yielded up their contents of over \$3,000 worth of gold and bonds, and in a quarter of the time it would have taken to have committed the robbery under the old conditions, the burglars were well out of the bank building with their booty. A recent suggestion is that safe cracking will be done in the near future by the aid of portable electric batteries, which will set a saw in motion with even better effect than did the petroleum gas engine at Marseilles. The other side of the question is that by the time the burglars have worked down this art to an exact science, the police will be equipped with all the modern appliances, too. If a burglar can see into a bank or a vault by the aid of the Roentgen process, it is quite as possible for a policeman to be able to look through brick and stone, and discover a criminal when he thinks he is hidden safely behind massive walls.



## Youngest Athlete in the World.

Philip Paulinetti is, without doubt, the youngest athlete in the world. Though only two years and four months old, the youngster is able to do a surprising number of tricks, and if permitted by his parents to foster his natural love for feats of strength and agility, he would undoubtedly puzzle many of his elders in the same line of business. Master Paulinetti, notwithstanding his youth, has a head for business. He declares in his infantile way that he wants \$800 a week for his services. He enumerates among his accomplishments "hand stands," "trapeze swings," "head balancing" and other feats. He has a muscular development of the arms unusual in a child of his age. He is fond of displaying it, moreover, and when bidden will double up his tiny fist and harpoon his biceps with the pride of a Sandow. He will stand on his hands, with feet braced against the wall, and retain that position without the semblance of fatigue for quite a length

of time. A trapeze, usually a cane held by his father, is his greatest delight. He swings back and forth by his hands, or with the cane thrust under his arms from behind the back, and if permitted would try to hang by his toes. With one hand on the back and the other on the seat of his wooden chair, he makes frantic efforts to hold his body out at right angles, and has had several tumbles in consequence. He can stand on one foot and hold the other in his hand, with the leg straight in the air. Like many great artists, however, he is subject to sulking fits, and at times cannot be induced to go through his performance, despite offers of tons of candy and ice cream galore. Mr. Paulinetti issues a challenge through the Journal to the effect that he will give to any charity the sum of \$100 if, in a competition, any performer in the world is able to follow him trick for trick in gymnastic feats. The father, Peter Paulinetti, is now performing at Koster & Bini's.

## TOPICAL RHYMES ABOUT MEN, THINGS AND EVENTS OF THE HOUR.

**Salvation to the Thirsty.**  
An up-the-State hayseed named Haines,  
Proposed to put Gotham in chains;  
His dry-Sunday law  
Wrought wonder and awe  
Through swell streets and small East Side lanes.  
But when the rich clubs made a kick,  
They got the law 'nulled mighty quick;  
So if you would drink  
Of a Sunday, I think,  
To join a smart club is the trick.

**Buncoed.**  
A Governor lives up the State  
Who swelled with ambition, of late;  
A President he  
Was bound yet to be,  
And burned lots of incense to Fate.  
But 'long came Tom Platt with a bound,  
And said with smooth, oily sound:  
"Pray, sign this new measure!"  
He answered, "With pleasure!"  
But 'twas his death-warrant he found.

**Miss Democracy's Dilemma.**  
In Washington lives a big gun,  
For eight years the country he's run;  
At last he cried "Wow!"  
What shall I do now?  
My clench on the "White House is done!"  
But when Miss Democracy cried,  
"Who'll be my next spouse?" none replied.  
"Oh, well, then," said she,  
"Two terms deserve three;  
I think that's the best to decide."

**Uneasy Lies the Head, etc.**  
Alas, the poor Queen of Great Britain!  
Of late she's been awfully bitten;  
Her provinces all,  
The great and the small,  
Are trying to give her the mitten.  
Rebellion is reaching her ears,  
And filling her mind with vague fears;  
And so to be Queen,  
'Tis plain to be seen,  
Is not such a clench as appears.

**A Prophecy.**  
In Gotham there lives a great man  
Who runs things on Russian-Czar plan;  
In wrong or the right  
He's spilling for fight,  
And put the town under a ban.  
Some morn this police autocart  
Will find himself lying out flat,  
With a ballot-box blow  
From the people, and oh,  
He'll wonder, poor chap, "where he's at!"

**Perhaps.**  
A son of Ohio so gay,  
Is bound for the White House, they say;  
A high-tariff horse  
He'll ride there, of course,  
And swears if he gets there, he'll stay.  
But booms of this blustering kind,  
May only exist in his mind;  
There's many a slip  
'Twixt the cup and the lip,  
As would-be Presidents find.

**Amen!**  
"I want to be Governor," said Fish,  
"To rule New York State, is my wish;  
A measure or two  
I think I'll rush through,  
Both houses with trolley-like swish."  
But when he succeeded, ah, me!  
He found himself shipwrecked at sea!  
No Governor's chair  
Will yearn for him there,  
For killed by ambition is he.

## Dentists to Study Conversation.

THE dental profession in Vienna has formed a novel society, which proposes to instruct its members in the art of pleasing conversation, garnished by light anecdote. The theory of this is that the patients undergoing long and difficult dental operations need to be amused and entertained.

The preamble to the call of the society recited the fact that the modern race of dentists were giving altogether too much time and attention to the scientific side of the profession, and not doing enough to attract and interest their clients. Careful, persistent and thorough work, it went on to say, is one thing, and it is highly necessary that no operating dentist should forget that the patient in the chair has none of this kind of stimulus, nothing whatever to interest him, and is generally suffering besides. The real dentist should be a man of two sides. He should be able to do his work deftly and quickly, and at the same time, by clever talk, keep his patient's mind off of the operation.

Hitherto the dentists, from the moment they began their course of study, have set their attention severely upon practical science and have given no time at all to the higher side of life. The greater number of them are hard students always, and they let the frivolous side of the world go in their pursuit of knowledge.

This has given the American dentist who has settled abroad in the Continental towns opportunity to work up large and flourishing practices, merely because they have taken pains to be interesting to their patients and have amused them. What the Viennese society proposes to do is to start classes in the art of conversation, and to get the staid scientific men in the way of chatting while their hands are employed in doing the most delicate work.

The greatest and most wonderful mountain railroad in the world has been opened to the public. It is the Jungfrau Railroad, which carries visitors to luxury and in swift-ness to the top of the most famous and most beautiful peak of the Bernese Alps. This region is in Summer the most delightful pleasure ground of the world. Its mountains, where so many daring climbers have lost their lives, can now be traversed by the tourist with greater ease than Broadway. The Jungfrau owes its name, which in German means virgin, to the spotless purity of its snowy peak. It is the highest of a cluster of beautiful peaks through or over which the railroad runs. Although not so high as Mont Blanc, and several other mountains of the Alps, it is generally considered the most beautiful, a fact which is clearly indicated by its name. Its height is 13,670 feet—a very respectable one. Mont Blanc is 15,779 feet. The railroad runs a distance of several



The New Railroad to the Summit of the Jungfrau, 13,670 Feet High.

miles, principally through a series of tunnels. But open air stations are frequent, and in several places the road runs in the open air along the side of the mountain. There is no steam or smoke to trouble the passengers.

There are at present five stations, at each of which there is an excellent restaurant, so that the traveller who does not care to make the whole journey can stop by the way, climb a peak and find comfort.

At the terminus in the Jungfrau peak there is an elevator of immense height, which carries the passengers up to the surface and above that to the top of a steel tower.

The summit of the Jungfrau was reached for the first time in 1811, and the undertaking was a very perilous one. The journey can now be made by an invalid woman.

A telephone runs the whole length of the line, and news of an accident can be sent from numerous stations. An order for an extra basket of champagne or any other kind of refreshment can also be sent, and is sure to be attended to.

## African Camels for Coney Island.

A caravan of eighteen camels, each carrying a huge pack and attended by a native Egyptian runner, wended its way through New York last week. These curious "ships of the desert" have cast anchor at Coney Island, where they are to remain throughout the Summer. The community is the largest of its kind ever in New York. It is intended to lend a new atmosphere of realism to the new Midway in course of construction.

The new camels are particularly good and mild of eye. They come from Cap Town, South Africa, and the journey from their native home to the foot of West Eighth street took thirty-three days. They may be seen every morning stretched out in a long line, caravan fashion, marching across the sandy desert which separates Coney Island from the music pavilion at Brighton Beach. The caravan is led by a fine looking Egyptian named "Holy Moses." The leader has a funny little black runner whose name is "Moses," and who trots along shouting curious Egyptian words of encouragement.

The Cairo street along which this caravan is to be established will be over 300 feet long, and quite as narrow and crooked as could be desired. Besides the camels, the new Midway may boast of two theatres in which Turkish performances will be given. The camels will probably be as badly overloaded as the trolley cars which run to the island, and will no doubt prove to be quite as uncomfortable. An ordinary camel will carry eight persons with entire safety, if not decorated, to its passengers. They will be decorated with the bright Egyptian colors, and each will carry a bell. At present they appear to be in a remarkably bad state of repair. Great tufts of camel's hair are missing from their backs in the places where they would be most likely to add to the comfort of camel bareback riding.